FLAGELLUM POETICUM:

OR, A

SCOURGE

FOR A

Wilde Poet.

BEING

An Answer to Dr. *Robert Wild*'s Letter, Directed to his Friend Mr. *J. J.*

Upon Occasion of His Majesties Declaration for *Liberty of Conscience.*

LONDON,

Printed for *J. L.* Anno Dom. 1672.

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SIR,

I Am ſo far from not believing you (as you ſay) a *Merry Fellow*, that I am deſirous to diſpoſſeſs all from that belief, from the relation you claim to a *Beggar*; and thoſe *ſins* you ſecretly exclaim againſt, which have regiſtred you in the number of *Cripples*; but give me leave to tell you, you are more merrily diſpos'd than the gravity of your *Function* can allow of. I do not ſee wherein you can further contribute to the *jolly bluſh of your cheeks*, than what you have done; had you been ſo much a lover of that *pottage* you pretend, you would have lookt more like a *milk-ſop* than you do: I like the man that carries in his face the tincture of that bloody banner he fights under, and would not have any mans countenance prove ſo much an Hypocrite to croſs a *French Proverb*:

His Noſe plainly proves,
What Pottage he loves.

I am ſorry you diſcover the worſt ſymptome of a bad nature in your diſreſpect to Muſick; if that excellent Philoſopher ſpake true, he cannot be inclin'd to Virtue, that is not a lover of Harmony: And yet I perceive you are no enemy to *Pſalm-tunes* well whiſtled; I pretend to no skill therein, wherefore I ſhall leave it to your judgment; it may be for the *tunes* ſake you admire the *Pſalms* too, ſo compos'd as if *Hopkins* had deſign'd therein to juſtle out the *Lyturgie*.

Pſalms, which if *David*, from his ſeat of bliſs,
Should hear, he'd little think they'r meant for his.

And now *Sir*, with a bob at *Hierarchy*, you come *to a good King for your money*; I hope you do not intend thereby to revive the *old trade of King-ſelling*; but let that paſs, and let us ſee what account you give of his *Majeſties Declaration*: but hold, *I* muſt traduce my obſervations on yours with this digreſſion. The Gentleman, who read your Letter to the Com-

Company, wherein I was, had run over three Pages; but coming to that place, wherein you gave ſo exact an Account of the hour of the Day, by *Mortals Maws yawning for Morſels*, and how much concern'd your own were, in the pains you took your ſelf, for their ſpeedy ſatisfaction, I had then a brimmer of Claret at my Mouth; though that was full, my ears were open, & ſome ſmall-head Louſe enter'd, which tickled them ſo Violently, that being forced into a Laughter, open flew the flood-gates of my Chops, and drowned the Eyes of my *gentle Reader* with Claret; this un-adviſed Laughter made his Eyes look Blood-ſhot, and his Band lookt as if it had been waſht in the Red-Sea; not knowing how to take this accident, he askt, What might occaſion this my ſtrange diſorder; I could not ſo compoſe my ſelf, but my Anſwer was interrupted ſeveral times with Laughing; ſo that brokenly, I told him, that my fancy was fixt ſtrongly on the Doctors poſture, as he ſate holding the *Pan over the fire*; ſomtimes *I* reſembled him to the hungry Ghoſt of *Fryer Bacon*;

ſome-

ſomtimes a *New-England grave Elder*, who as he turn'd the *Herrings*, did patiently ſuffer the *ſparks of perſecution* to flie about him unconcern'd, ſo that the appetite of *Carnal ſatisfaction* might have no cauſe to complain; but that which mov'd me moſt to laughter, was, the conſideration of this Carnal mans fearful deſertion; that that man, who was accuſtomed after the outragious heats of the *Pulpit* were over, to be immediatly put to Bed, with nine Caps to keep in his remaining Wit (*too fleet of foot*) and a quart of Muld Sack to lull him aſleep, now to be left alone to the fury of a *ſputtering frying-pan*, without the commiſeration of a tender-hearted *Petticoat*. However *I* am ſorry for your ſlender attendance, and your being courſly dealt withall as to a Table-cloath; look not on't as any great penance, to have your Table cover'd with an Horſe-cloath, ſince it may be, at that very time when it belong'd to your Horſe, many *Houſes of God* were then turn'd into *Stables*. But why ſo angry Dr. with the *Biſhops*? What, is it becauſe your *Sleeves* are not of the ſame com-

complexion with theirs; if ſo, we have cauſe to believe that *Holland* hath rais'd all this difference; 'tis thought *Father*—— mouth, with a *Biſhoprick*, had been ſilenc'd for ever railing ſo bitterly againſt the *Prelats*; but *I* have more charity for you, than to believe that the *wind* of *Profit* can blow your *Weather-cock* where it liſt. And now *I* muſt commend your *manners* in lowring your *Top-ſale* to the *Kings Arms*; ſure 'twas no *Steeple-crown'd Hat* you wear, having an averſion to *Steeples*, and therefore have left them *with the Ropes to the Sons of our Church*, for which *I* muſt Ring you a peal, for ſtiling our Reverend Clergy *Jack-daws*, with other foul reflections, as if you intended to write your *good old cauſe in Maſquerade*. What? upon the merry pin again, here's laughing with all my heart, but at what *I* pray? His Majeſties Declaration ſhorne, *or clipt, and looking like a poll'd* Amſterdam *Divine*, or one of the *Geneva* Cut; ſure Sir, me thinks this object ſhould be ſo far from procuring laughter in you, that it ſhould rather extract tears from the remembrance of

your

your *Quondam Brethrens Sufferings*, whose Busie-Heads, and sawcy Tongues, were chastiz'd *by the loss of their Ears*; *I* hope yours ere long will lye more open to a better understanding. But now lets see what he observes in this *Declaration*: Why he acknowledgeth 'tis all goodness to their Party; then why do you thus snarle Mr. *Dr*? Since the *Royal Clemency* hath given both you, & us, his leave to choose our way to our *Everlasting Rest*; let us not Justle one the other by the way, since we are all mixt (*as in the Ark*) together, let us not dispute who are the *Cleane*, and who the *Unclean*. And now give me leave to Laugh too; I perceive, you highly applaude the *Month of March*, for introducing your *Years of Jubilee*, *the Fifteenth of that Month* you esteem above all other *Holy-Days*; from whence I observe, that though you slight those the Church hath injoyn'd us to observe, yet you will not neglect the observance of one of your own making. But whither do *I* Ramble? Hold, let me see; what feats of *Activity* the *Dr.* hath learn'd; *Bartholomew Fair*, is not far off: 'tis well he begins to practise, and may act his part well

well for ought I know; ſince he confeſſeth himſelf *as nimble as the Gentleman that Dances on the High Rope*; dancing on the *High Rope* is improper; yet though he is ignorant of the terms, he may better come to underſtand the Rope hereafter. And are you then ſo nimble? Had you been troubled with the *Kings-Evill*, it might have been *ſtroak'd* out of you; but of all the *Remedies* I have read of, that of a Plaiſter of *Liberty of Conſcience*, applied hot to the *Patient*, is, I find the moſt ſpeedy cure for a *Gouty Diſtemper*. This digreſſion had like to have made me forget what account he gives of his *Miniſter*, a pious, and prudent Man, and diſcovers no grimace's *at the Lyturgie, as if he were drinking a Potion, nor in his Sermons make's other makes faces as if he were giving them one.* It is well that this good Gentlemans Face is not rumpled as moſt of his *Brethrens are*, by drawing their mouths this way and that way, and opening their Jaws ſo wide, as if they would ſwallow the Lid of the Pulpit, and then ſuddainly ſhut them, as if they were ſnapping at Flies. Doctor, you may be ignorant of the Carriage & ridiculous Geſtures of

ſome of your Brethren in their Sermons, and therefore be pleas'd to mind in the concluding of this *Pamphlet*, what I lately obſerv'd in one of your *Congregations*.

At laſt to conclude, you ſay *mocking is catching*, and that there is Dirt enough in every ſtreet to bedawb one another with; 'tis very true, and I am very ſorry you flung the firſt *Handful*; you may be pelted with enough, if all were of a mind. The diſcharging of your Gun, in *Garriſon*, at this unſeaſonable time, ought to *Alarum* the *Vigilent* to ſtand upon their *Guard*; have a care of overcharging your Blunderbuſs, it may one time or other put your Shoulder out. Rail againſt the *Pope* as long as you pleaſe, it is ſafe enough, being far enough off; no Language is too bad for him, call him *Crafty Knave* (for he goes by ſeveral Names) 'tis all one to me; but trample not on the *Aſhes* of the *Reverend Prelates*, lately deceas'd; nor do not go about to extenuate the *Light*, of thoſe *glorious Lamps*, that in ſpite of *Hell*, will *ſhine eminently* in our *Churches*:

De Mortuis nil niſi bonum,
De vivis nil niſi verum.

Licentia Poetica: *or, Obſervations on a late Silenc'd Miniſter.*

IS, lately was, (I now may name the place)
(A pretty *Covert* for the *Babes of Grace*,)
Where *ſilenc'd Miniſters* enough were met,
To make a *Synod*; and may make one yet.
Their bleſſed *Liberty* th'ave found at laſt,
And talk'd for all thoſe years, of *ſilence* paſt.
Like ſome half-pin'd, and hunger-ſtarved men,
Who, when they next get Victuals, ſurfeit then.
In this *Aſſembly*, one, t'avoid conteſt,
Did mount the *Pulpit*, there to teach the reſt.
Where that we men, more patiently might hear
Non-ſence, to *Heav'n* at firſt, he ſpoke it there.
Firſt whin'd, then whiſper'd, then aloud did rore;
Now drew his long words, and then leapt 'em o're.
Such various tones, that I admir'd, and ſaid,
Sure all the *Congregation* in him pray'd.
'Twas the moſt tedious Soul, the *Diveleſt He*
That ever came to *Doctrnies Twenty-three*
And Nineteen Uſes, how he drew his *Hum*,
And quarter'd *Haws*, talkt naught but *Opium*.
No Feaver a mans eyes could open keep;
All *Argus* body he'd have preacht aſleep.
For half an hour, nought but *O Lord* he cries,
Puk't warmneſs, and this melts the Siſters eyes:
They ſnob'd aloud, then did I loudly ſnore,
Till a kind *Pſalm* told me the dangers o're.

Being out of doors, one told me I muſt dine
With him, and to encourage, he had ſtore of wine.
I by this frien'd to his large Hall was led,
Where ſome Grave Clergy-men I ſaw, well fed,
But by a newer ſtile diſtinguiſhed;
Whether moſt renown'd *Batchelours* they be
Of Art, or reverend *Sophs* of no *Degree*.
Now they diſcourſe, ſome ſtories here relate
Of bloody *Papiſts*, *Plots* againſt the *State*;
But againſt *Biſhops* they all rail'd, and I
Said boldly I'de defend the *Hierarchy*.
To th' *Hierarchy* they meant no harm at all,
But root and branch 'gainſt *Biſhops*; too't we fall:
I like a Fool, with Reaſons, and theſe men
With wreſted *Scripture*; a *ſlye Teacher* then
Thruſt in his ears, ſo ſpeaks th' *Apoſtle* too:
How ſpeaks he Friend? not through the noſe like you.
A hideous form was ready to begin,
When by moſt bleſſed fates the meat came in.
But then ſo long, ſo long a *Grace* was ſaid,
That a good Chriſtian, when he goes to bed,
Would be contented with a ſhorter Prayer;
O how the *Saints* injoy'd the *Creature* there!
Three Paſties in the minute of an hour,
Large, & well wrought, they root & branch devour.
They tooth a'naile fell to't; no lazie hand,
In vain the leſſer Pyes hope to withſtand.
On Geeſe, and Capons, with what zeal they feed,
And wondring cry, a goodly Bird indeed.
Their ſtomacks cram'd (as greedy as their eyes)
All ſtudy now, who ſhall appear moſt wiſe.

Their

Their ſpirits warm'd, yet from 'em no Jeſts came,
But what like *Cripples halted*, and were *lame*.
At length ſays one, I think the *Declaration* (*tion*.
Hath chang'd the doom of damning this whole *Na-*
Sweet *Liberty of Conſcience* makes me hate
All the *ſupporters* of *uſurped State*.
Our freedom is inlarg'd, and that's a thing,
Will make me *love*, the once *loath'd* Name of *King*.
He ſpake for all the reſt, and now I-tro,
'Tis time to feed our Souls; to Church we go.
Sans complement the pious man begins;
The *ſuffering Pulpit* groans for *Iſraels ſins*.
Sins, which in number many though they be,
And *crying* ones, are yet leſs *loud* than *He*.
Half melted, but more out of breath, he cries;
Not knowing what to ſay, he wipes his eyes.
Then this pretend', prolixity to ſhun,
But one word more below'd, and I have done.
Would it were ſo, thought I, but much I fear,
That all will not be done theſe two hours here.
Now, now, he com's to't, *as you will find it writ*;
Repeats his *Text*, and takes his leave of it.
And ſtreight to's Sermon in ſuch furious wiſe,
As made it what 'twas call'd, an *Exerciſe*.
The Pulpit's his *hot Bath*; the Brethren's chear,
Roaſt Beef, and larded Turkeys break out here.
He dares not now, as thirteen years agoe,
When *ſuperſtitious decency* did grow,
He fear'd, too much in faſhion, whet his fiſt
Againſt the name of *Altar*, and of *Prieſt*.

Paul!

Paul and St. *Peter* ſure had had their Doom,
Had this ſame *Frantick* known they'd been at *Rome*.
And now at laſt, that he may raiſe new fears,
And make his Gang ſhake their *myſterious* ears;
All is not well he doubts, and then begins
To tell, great puniſhments attend great ſins.
If he don't put us into frights, 'tis much, (*Dutch*.
And ſtile thoſe Judgments *Ours*, which waits the
At length, long *Time*, which doth conſume and waſt
All things, t'an end his Sermon brought at laſt.
Thus Sir, you have my Story, but am ſorry,
(*Taunton* excuſe) it is no better for you.
However read it, as you Peaſe are ſhelling;
For you will find, it is not worth the telling.
Excuſe this boldneſs, for I can't avoid
Thinking ſomtimes, you are but ill imployd.
Fiſhing for Souls, more fit, then *frying fiſh*;
That makes me throw *Peaſe-ſhellings* in your *diſh*:
You have a Study, Books wherein to look;
How com's it then the *Doctor's* turn'd a *Cook*?
Well *Doctor Cook*, pray be advis'd, hereafter
Don't make your *Wife* the ſubject of our laughter.
I find She's careleſs, and your maid a Slut
To let you greaſe your *Caſſock* for your Gut.
You are all three in fault, by all that's bleſt;
Mend you your manners firſt, then teach the reſt.

One

One use of Exhortation Doctor *to your Sisters, and I've done.*

PRay don't complain, you now United are;
And are not straited in your *Gospel fair.*
Let not *Pluralty's* then be t'ane away, (say.
Though men learn thence, to keep two Wives, you
And let not *Schollarship* I pray go down;
O fie, your *Sex* so cruel to the *Gown.*
You don't the kindness of some Schollars know;
The *Cambridg-Women* would not have it so.
Learning's the *Lamp* o'th' *Land,* which shines so
Y'are not s'immodest to put out the light. bright)
These things y'are griev'd at; but I pray what next?
O with our *Churches solemn forms* y'are vext.
The *Sign* o'th' *Cross,* the forehead must not bear;
'Twas only you were born to *plant Signs* there.
No Surplices. Why none I pray d'ye crave?
They'r *Raggs* of *Rome.* I know what y'ould have.
Y'oud Preach I warrant? Do so, for no doubt,
A finer *Preaching Age,* y'oul ne're find out;
Y'ave got the *Sp'rit,* nay *firy tongues,* I troe,
And by your talk, they should be double too.
O Times, O Manners! But me-thinks I stay
Somwhat too long, take so much for to day;
Hereafter more, hence be not thus beguil'd,
You'le find we'ave *Muses* too, as well as *Wild.*

FINIS.